

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

*John.* The heat is past, follow no farther now:  
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.  
Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while?  
When every thing is ended, then you come.  
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)  
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

*Falst.* I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee  
thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the  
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-  
row, or a Bulle? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,  
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with  
the very extreamest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred  
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-rainted  
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken  
Sir John Collesle of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and  
valorous Enemy: But what of that? hee saw mee, and  
yelled: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd  
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

*John.* It was more of his Courtisie, then your deser-  
uing.

*Falst.* I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld  
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with  
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it  
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top  
of it (Collesle kissing my foot): To the which course, if  
I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gile two-pences  
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you  
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-  
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not  
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,  
and let desert mount.

*John.* Thine's too heauie to mount.

*Falst.* Let it shine then.

*John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Falst.* Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may  
doe me good, and call it what you will.

*John.* Is thy Name Collesle?

*Col.* It is (my Lord.)

*John.* A famous Rebell art thou, Collesle.

*Falst.* And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

*Col.* I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,  
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,  
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

*Falst.* I know not how they sold themselves, but thou  
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke  
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

*John.* Haue you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

*John.* Send Collesle, with his Confederates,  
To Yorke, to present Execution.

*West.* Lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collesle.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)  
I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,  
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:  
And wee with sober speede will follow you.

*Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe  
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,  
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

*John.* Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,  
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. Exit.

*Falst.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better  
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young fo-  
ber-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot  
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinke no  
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come  
to any prooue: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole  
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they  
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,  
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally  
Foolles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,  
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-  
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes  
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,  
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forge-  
tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which  
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the  
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of  
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:  
which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liver white, and  
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-  
dize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course  
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illumineth  
the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the  
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then  
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster  
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who gear, and puff  
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this  
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon  
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work); and  
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Dewill, till  
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof  
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood  
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like  
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and  
tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and  
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hor-  
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle  
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Pota-  
tions, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

*Bard.* The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

*Falst.* Let them goe: He through Gloucestershire,  
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Elquire: I  
haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my  
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exit.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

*King.* Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successfull end  
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,  
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,  
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.  
Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collected,  
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,  
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish;  
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:  
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,  
Come vnderneath the yoke of Government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie  
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum.

*King.* Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is  
the Prince, your Brother?

*Glo.* I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-  
sor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I doe not know (my Lord.)

*King.* Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?

*Glo.* No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

*Clar.* What would my Lord, and Father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas).

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, mid other

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) as thou

Art Noble Offices thou may'st effect in him.

Of Mediation (after I am dead) betwixt him and

Betweene his Greauess, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Lode,

Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd

Hee hath a Teare for Pitié, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charietie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's flinty.

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently.

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth,

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope.

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working: Learn this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends;

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

*Clar.* I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho-  
mas)?

*Clar.* Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-  
don.

*King.* And how accompanied? Canst thou tell  
that?

*Clar.* With Poins, and other his continuall fol-  
lowers.

*King.* Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieue

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weeps from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillors,

When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together,

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest words

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,  
But to be knowie, and hated. So, like grosse termes,  
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memorie  
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue;  
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,  
Turning past euils to aduantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldom, when the Deed doth leaue her Combe  
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? Westmerland?

*West.* Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse  
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince John, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand;

Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnscathed,

But Peace puts forth her Olive euery where.

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade;

With euery course, in his particular.

*King.* O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

*Harc.* From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorke shew ouerthrowne.

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packer (please it you) contains at large.

*King.* And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?

Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich).

That haue abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

*Glo.* Comfort your Maiestie.

*Clar.* Oh, my Royall Father.

*West.* My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

vp.

*War.* Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fitts

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'll straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, hee cannot long hold out these pangs;

Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in.

So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

*Glo.* The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

*Clar.* The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betwene:

And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire Edward sick'd, and dy'd.

ss 4

War. Speake